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POETRY.

THREE KISSES OF FAREWELL.

Three, only three, my darling,
Separate, solemn, slow;
Not like the swift and joyous ones
We used to know
When we kissed because we loved each other,
Simply to taste love's sweet,
And lavished our kisses as the summer
Lavishes heat—
But as they kiss whose hearts are wrong,
When hope and fear are spent,
And nothing is left to give, except
A sacrament!

First of the three, my darling,
Is sacred unto pain;
We have hurt each other often;
We shall again,
When we kiss because we miss each other,
And do not understand
How the written words were so much colder
Than eye and hand,
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
Which we may give or take;
Buried, forgiven, before it comes
For our love's sake!

The second kiss, my darling,
Is full of joy's sweet thrill;
We have blessed each other always;
We always will,
We shall reach until we feel each other;
Past all of time and space,
We shall listen till we hear each other
In every place;
The earth is full of messengers,
Which love sends to and fro;
I kiss thee, darling, for all joy
Which we shall know!

The last kiss, oh, my darling,
My love—I cannot see
Through my tears as I remember
What it may be.
We may die and never see each other,
Die with no time to give
Any sign that our hearts are faithful
To die, as live.
Taken of what they will not see
Who see our parting breath,
This one last kiss, my darling, seals
The seal of death.

STORE TELLER.

MISS SOPHIA'S BABY.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT STOFFORD.

Poor Miss Sophia McAllister was
in despair at finding herself growing
old. She hated age and all about it.
It was sad and unlovely, and full of
unknown horrors and lack of pleasures.
Comfort and joy and hope were far
from it. She had rather die than be-
come superannuated. She woke up
every morning with a dull, unspoken
sense of wishing she had not waked at
all. There was nothing to do and no-
body to do for; nobody at whose com-
ing to look forward during the day or
when the gloomy night fell. It might
rain or it might shine; it made no dif-
ference. She wanted to go nowhere,
and there was nobody likely to be
hindered or helped by either catastro-
phe from coming to her. There was
nobody to come to her, indeed, but
her sisters, and they lived a mile away
and came only in disregard to their
husbands' wishes, the husbands having
thought that Miss Sophia ought to
give up all the paternal property and
divide her time between the house-
holds of her sisters; and Miss Sophia
insisted on her right to her individual-
ity, to her third of the property, and
to a life by herself. "I have always
had a home, Susan," said Miss Sophia,
"and I always mean to have one, if it
is only four cedar poles and a blanket."
But she peaked and pined and dwined
in this home of hers, and began to
find her only excitement in select-
ing various doses from her assortment
of medicines and in looking for the
visits of the doctor.

The truth was that Miss Sophia was
dying of loneliness and ennui in
this aimless existence of hers; only in
the rural life there nobody would
dream of calling it ennui. As she grew
malancholy her nerves suffered, and
in turn wrought upon her body
otherwise. She said sometimes that
if she could have died at once, and
have done with it, it would not have
been so hard; but this "hanging by
the eye-lids" inquisitorial, and on the
whole there was not much to live for
when one had passed forty. After that
it was only trending among graves any
way. If one could be dried up and
blown away, it would be desirable, she
said; but this growing old—this grad-
ual, open, disgusting decay before
everybody's face and eyes! Single
people ought to die, she said, savagely;
and she saw herself even ceasing to be
a part of the race through lack of sym-
pathy. "Those who have children,"
said Miss Sophia, sadly, "live their
youth over again in them, and need
never grow old; but those who
have none are no better than mov-
ing mummies, and ought to be put
out of the way!" Yet when Miss So-
phia's nieces came to see her, they made
such an uproar, and set every thing so
by the ears, as she said, that she was
heartily glad to have them go home
again. That she could take one of
those children and model her to fancy
never entered Miss Sophia's head—
very luckily for her, since, if it had,
the brothers-in-law would have seen

her in Halifax before they would have
lent their aid or comfort; and had it
entered the head of anybody else, she
would have thought that person very
unfeeling to imagine the possibility of
such a thing, in her state of health.
Yet she needed, as all of us do, some-
thing to love and forget herself in.
But she detested cats, and their neigh-
borhood made her ill; she was afraid
of dogs; a parrot would have driven her
frantic; a canary was as bad; and as for
making a pet of a monkey, like Miss
Brownell's, it was an insult to the hu-
man race. The only thing left her was
a flock of pigeons, that she had fed out-
side her window as they came flashing
and curvetting and tumbling through
the air; and an immense Shanghai
rooster, that always accompanied her
up and down her stroll on the piazza
—probably for the sake of the crumbs
of the biscuit that she nibbled as she
walked.

Every year, as winter came on, it
seemed more and more dreary to Miss
Sophia as she looked out. The flying
seed of dead leaves, the blinds taken
off the opposite house, and the double
windows put in, to stare her out of
countenance; the boats hauled up and
turned over along the shore, with their
white and frozen lip of froth—there
was a desolation about it all to her,
as if life had put on its grave clothes
and the place were the Valley of the
Shadow of Death.

Thanksgiving day always seemed to
be a mockery; Christmas a fatigue;
and she shivered and ached before the
thought of New Year, as if it were
only the prophecy of another twelve-
month of gloom and depression. She
had a fashion, though, kept from girl-
hood, of watching the new year in and
the old year out over the ashes of her
fire, and going to bed crying as the
last spark flashed and vanished, while
comparing the ashes to her own life,
yet feeling that even the ashes were
more blessed; for that had once had life
—it had once grown in the woods,
waved in the wind, shaken off the
sweet rain and silver snow, glistened
in the sun, been full of delicious scents
and charming bird songs. While as for
her she had never had a lover. A pale,
thin, stooping woman, growing old and
withering away, to no end, she was
unhappy as a creature can be who has
shelter and fire and food.

She was sitting over the embers on
New Year's Eve, after her usual de-
pendent way, and Susan, her maid
and companion, was washing the dough
from her hands from the batch of
bread just set to rise, when there
came a ring at the door-bell—a timid,
hesitating little ring, much like the
touch that a slight earthquake gives a
bell. It was an earthquake in Miss
Sophia's life, that bell-ringing, a convul-
sion of Nature. Who can be pulling
the bell at this hour? It was some-
thing that had never before happened
in the world! Directly afterwards the
timid touch was followed by a peal
that rang through every room in the
house, and Susan put her face into
the parlor doorway as white as clay.

Miss Sophia was equal to the emer-
gency. She slipped off her shoes, and
crept up stairs to get her revolver.
It is true that it had been loaded for
half a score of years, and no power of
hers could have brought the rusty im-
plement even to half cock; but it was
a Gatling in her estimation; and com-
ing down with Susan trembling at her
back, she suddenly threw open the
front door and presented arms—to va-
cancy. Not a soul was to be seen in
the clear moonlight. Up and down,
far and wide, as she peeped out and
about, no shadow disturbed the seren-
ity of the night. "What in the world
did it mean? Is the house going to
be haunted, Susan?" cried Miss So-
phia. And then her eyes fell at upon
a little bundle at her feet, a little white
bundle, that, as she touched it with
one of those feet, in some dim fancy
as to infernal machines, all at once
gave a muffled wail that might have
pierced a heart of stone, and from
which she sprang back as from a burst-
ing shell. A baby! No infernal ma-
chine could have wrought more con-
sternation, more havoc than that
sound did in Miss Sophia's mind.
But after all, she heroically stooped to
examine the article.

"You'll be taking your death of cold,
Miss!" exclaimed Susan, with her long
accustomed familiarity; and she had
the bundle by the fire in the parlor
and the door shut and barred again in
another moment.

"Do you suppose it really is a baby,
Susan?" asked Miss Sophia, bending
over Susan as she sat on the rug undog-
ing the parcel.

"What else could it be, ma'am?" re-
plied Susan, stripping off roll after roll,
as Miss Sophia watched her, feel-
ing, she knew not why, some sense of
assisting at the mysteries of creation,
and of importance at having been se-
lected rather than Miss Brownell, per-
haps; while as Susan opened the little
fold and began rubbing the little bare
thing within her kind, rough hand, the
aroma of a creature, warmed with the
friction and the blaze, stretched all its
dimpled limbs and smiled in her face
a great rosy, blue-eyed smile, with the

tears upon the cheek—a cherubic
smile, that woke every tender cord in
Susan's being.

"Miss Sophia," she cried, "if you
don't adopt this baby I shall."
"Adopt a baby, Susan!" cried Miss
Sophia, starting back in horror.
"Yes, ma'am. Adopt a baby. This
baby."

"But, Susan," began Miss Sophia,
as if entirely agreeing with the man
who thought it best to reason with a
mule, "nobody does such a thing. It
isn't respectable."

"Goodness, gracious, Miss Sophia!
As if at our time of life we'd stop for
that!"

"But, besides, it is the child of wick-
ed people, and would only grow up
wicked, and break our hearts."

"I'd risk it."

"And in my health! How can you
be so heartless, Susan?"

"It'll cure you," said Susan, stolidly.
"They always send them to the almsh-
ouse, Susan. You must run right
out and find one of the selectmen."

"Selectmen are all about this time of
night, Miss. You'll have to keep it
any way till morning, or we'll be took
up for murder. And if you will keep
it till morning, you may as well keep
it always—the dear little creature."

"Susan!" cried her mistress. "I do
believe you're crazy!"

"No more'n you be. Not a bit of it!"
cried Susan, with sudden vehemence,
her little black eye snapping like
Prince Rupert drops. "I'm a healthy,
hard-working woman. I've never mar-
ried; but I've always thought I'd like
to marry a widower with a baby, for
the sake of the baby. I ain't no opin-
ion with men; but I could a-stood
him for the sake of the baby. And
now here's the baby without the wid-
ower! I call it a lendin' o' Providence.
If you take it it's all the same to me,
as I shall never leave you. But if you
won't, Miss, why, I can earn enough for
its little bit and sup with my two hands,
and I'll keep it in the kitchen."

"I couldn't stand such a thing!"
gasped Miss Sophia. "Sick, and old
and alone, and the worry, and work,
and trouble for somebody else's—"
"You just hold it a minute, Miss,"
said Susan, rolling up some of the
wrappings round it again, "while I get
a sip of milk—"

"The top of the milk, Susan," said
Miss Sophia, lifting the tiny weight to
her shoulders like a piece of egg-shell
china.

"Yes'm, I know. One-third cream
and two-thirds water. I've had 'em
on my hands before this."

And when Susan came back, having
been gone an interminable period pre-
paring food also for the night, she
found Miss Sophia nodding in the big
chair with the bit of a face snuggled
up under her chin, as if she had al-
ways been used to it.

"I guess I'll have it sleep with me
to-night, Susan," said Miss Sophia, af-
ter some hesitation.

"All right, ma'am."

"You don't suppose I'd be likely to
smother it?"

"Pooh! Just wait till I blow up the
fire in your stove. This is what I call
watching the New Year in to some
purpose. It's the little New Year him-
self!"

And when Sophia went to sleep
with that warm atom on her arm and
the velvet cheek against her own, and
woke up in the middle of the night,
with the glow of the fire on the ceil-
ing, it seemed as if the room were full
of angels, and that this was what she
had been waiting for all her life.

"I guess, Susan," said Miss Sophia,
as she came down, with her wide-
awake little bundle in the early New
Year's morning, "that we won't do any-
thing about seeing the selectmen to-
day. It's New Year's, you know."

Susan had just come in with a pair
of knit shirts in her hand, for which
she had run down to Miss Thred-
needle, while her fires were kindling.
"Jess's you say," she replied, readily.
"And, perhaps, when it's gone to
sleep, you'll cut out some little things
for me to run up on the machine. It
ought to have its bath pretty soon."
And the scene of that bath, with ther-
mometer and hot blankets, and the
two women, swelling with importance,
in mortal terror of pulling the little
limbs out of joint and in ecstasies of
admiration over the perfection of the
miniature body, the convolutions of
the ears, the transparency of the tiny
nails upon the tiny toes, the roars of
the victim, and the hissing between
whistles, as the wetting and wiping and
powdering and polishing proceeded
by peace-meal, is something that defies
description.

Breakfast being over and Miss So-
phia sitting by the fire again, with the
drowsing infant on her knees, watch-
ing intently certain premonitory symp-
toms, she suddenly set up a cry that
made Susan jump. "Oh! Susan! do
look here!" she cried. "What can it
be?" And she threw up her hands
and dropped her knees, as if the little
thing squirming on her lap were a
spider, and she wished to shake it off.

"Lo! ma'am, you'll have it in the
fix next!" cried the learned Susan.
"It's wind. They often has it. Here,

this is the way to do," and turning the
small object dexterously, as if it were a
griddle cake, she had it face down on
Miss Sophia's knee, with Miss Sophia
vigorously patting its back.

"I didn't know I had so much
strength, Susan," said Miss Sophia.

"I said 'would do you good, Miss.'"
"The colic! To think of it! Pain
and trouble the minute it's in the
world—there now, there now, the pre-
cious thing—and nobody to love it—
the darling, dearest one!" cried Miss
Sophia. "To think—Oh, Susan! Oh,
Susan! it's having a convulsion. It's
black in the face! What shall we do?"

"A convulsion! Fiddlestick! It's
got the hiccups. I'll get a drop of
sugar and water. There, there, there!"
And presently there was silence, and
then there was rest—rest with the
little head dropping on one side and
a sweet sort of wisdom on the little
face.

"How they make you love them
when they are going to sleep!" cried
Sophia. "If we don't send the baby
off to the selectmen to-morrow we
never can."

All day long the two women went
and came about that mite. As for
Susan, she could not bear to leave it
long enough merely to "sight" her
work. She stole back twenty times to
take another peep at it, wrapped to
suffocation in its flannels; and every
time she found Miss Sophia doing the
same thing. "There isn't nothing like
a baby," said Susan. "That little
breath's jes' as sweet as milk; I al-
lows 'em in the corner of the mouth,
so's to get it. So! Ther' ain't no
blossom the Lord ever blowed pretty
as that mouth!"

And then the waking baby would
squall; and there would be a short
and decisive struggle as to which one
was to soothe it—a struggle in which
Miss Sophia, of course, always came
off conqueror, while Susan walked up
and down behind her, fixing the blan-
ket. "A great sight nicer pet than
Miss Brownell's monkey!"

"What would you have called the
baby, Miss Sophia," asked Susan, af-
ter dinner was cleared away and in an
interval of the sewing machine, "al-
lowing you had kep' it?"

"I don't know, really."

"You might have named it John,
for your father."

"So I might."

"What a comfort a son is, to be
sure, to a person that has grown old!"
said the artful Susan. "Queer there
isn't a boy in the whole family. And
I suppose your sisters' husbands
would give their ears for one. John
McAllister. A good, honest name,
and that's what it is. How hopping
'twould make them men if you did
adopt this boy!"

I am ashamed to say that last stroke
did the work.

"Susan!" exclaimed Miss Sophia,
"you put on your shawl and run right
down to Lawyer Holmes'—and don't
you lose a minute—and tell him I
want to see him. I'll have papers of
adoption made out this very day, if it
can be done. I take this child for
mine, to have and to hold, for better
or for worse, in sickness and in health.
And you shall wait on it from this day
out, Susan," said Miss Sophia, solemn-
ly.

A promise which Susan knew she
should literally fulfill, and which she
accepted like religious vows. She
fell on her knees beside Miss Sophia
and the baby, and kissed first Johnny
and then her mistress, till they all
three cried together.

Susan was quite right in her judg-
ment of the way in which this matter
would affect her brothers-in-law. The
news reached them before dark, and
quite beside themselves with indigna-
tion, they came in person at once, and
sent their wives to protest. And small
and mean though she knew the
satisfaction was, Miss Sophia was never
better pleased in her life than when
she told them the thing was done and
couldn't be helped, and that the child
was hers—no thanks to them or any
man alive! As for Susan, personally,
she felt that, although *de nomine* the
boy was Miss Sophia's, yet *de facto* he
was hers. And if it had been hers,
and she had palmed him off on her
mistress, making her own flesh and
blood thus the heir to house and lands,
her satisfaction; if more criminal,
could not have been more complete.

"Well, well!" said the doctor, as he
came in that night and found Miss So-
phia crooning over her child, while
Susan was busy in the kitchen. "Isn't
this a new departure for a 'bundle of
nerves' that is only 'hanging by the
eye-lids' and is sure that there is 'no-
thing to live for after forty'?"
"I have something to live for, now!"
cried Miss Sophia. "Something to
wake up to, to look forward to, always,
all day and to-morrow. I have found
it out at last. Why didn't you tell
me of it before? It should be in your
pharmacopoeia. And do you know,
Doctor, I forgot all about taking my
doses to-day? I don't know when I've
done such a thing before. I never
once thought of my aches and ails, I've
been so busy. I haven't had any pal-
pitations to speak of, my nerves haven't

twitched, and I'm so dead tired that
I'm sure I shall sleep without any
bromides. But I want you to look in
all the same, every day, Doctor," said
Miss Sophia, as he went off, "for if
I'm not sick, the baby may be!"

And then, as Miss Sophia sat there
all alone with her baby, rocking to
and fro in the firelit dusk, such pleas-
ant pictures began to slide before her,
where once only gloom had been—the
surprise when Johnny's first tooth
should grate on her thumb, the rap-
ture over his first wet and and grop-
ping kiss (other babies' wet and grop-
ping kisses she had known, but they
had not been the kisses of her baby,
as this would be); the triumph of his
first word, his first step alone; the
sight it would be when she had him,
a whiter dove, in her arms, as she
tossed their breakfast to the flock of flash-
ing and tumbling white pigeons; when
she saw him giving bits of biscuits
from his little fingers to the great
Shanghai monster, as tall as he. The
coming on of winter now, as she
thought of it, no longer seemed like
descent into the Valley of the Shadow
of Death. Rather was it an ascent
into the region of the blessed messen-
gers, a region peopled by the angels
of Johnny's sled, and Johnny's snow-
man; and there would always be some-
body to expect in this happy region—
somebody shouting before you could
see his red comforter round the cor-
ner—and that somebody little Johnny.

She already knew the silver voice in
which he would repeat "The Better
Land," and could see him kneeling in
his little white night-gown, with fold-
ed hands, over his "Now I lay me
down to sleep." All the uproar John-
ny might make would be music; and
if he set things "by the ears" Susan
would ask nothing better than to set
them "to rights" again. By and by,
too, the young cousins would be com-
ing, and as Johnny's cousins they had
some charms in Sophia's eyes which
they did not possess in themselves;
while Thanksgiving gobblers began to
strut before her, dropping their drap-
ery of gorgeous plumes and untold
Christmas-trees to shake all their stock-
ings in her face. "What a thing it
is to have a child in the house when
we are young!" exclaimed Miss So-
phia. "What a thing it will be when
I am old and go leaning on his strong
arm up the aisle of the church on Sun-
days to the old McAllister pew!" And
she thought of Miss Brownell and her
monkey with an ineffable contempt,
which soon passed into pity, however—
such pity that she began to cherish
some unformed idea of letting Johnny
go over and play at Miss Brownell's—
possibly with the monkey—some Sat-
urday afternoon, when he was old en-
ough to be trusted to the care of a
person so ignorant of children as Miss
Brownell. "Susan!" Miss Sophia cried,
as the poor and happy little god-mother
brought in an armful of wood for the
hearth, and having laid it down, pro-
ceeded to take a lingering look inside
the little blanket that covered the
head lying over Miss Sophia's shoul-
der—"Susan, this New Year's Day that
has brought Johnny to you and me is
not to be counted on our tally, but off
of it; not as one more, but as one less.
We shall be getting younger, now in-
stead of older, with every year that
comes. For those who have chil-
dren," said Sophia, proudly, "live their
youth over again in them and need
never grow old."

Testimonial of Respect to the late
Walter W. Angus.

WHEREAS an All-Wise Providence has
seen fit to remove from our midst our
highly valued friend, Professor Wal-
ter W. Angus, a late instructor in the
Indiana Institution for Deaf-Mutes,
and

WHEREAS we, former pupils of that
institution, feel it our duty to tender
our deepest heartfelt sympathies to the
bereaved relatives and friends,
therefore

Resolved, That by the death of Wal-
ter W. Angus we have lost a true-
hearted friend and a most effective
and upright instructor.

Resolved, That his efforts in behalf
of deaf-mute instruction has placed
him in the highest rank among the
benefactors of his class.

Resolved, That we desire to bear
witness in regard to his character and
manners. Always kind and loving,
but firm in order and discipline, he
was always ready to reach out his
hand to help the needy.

Resolved, That a copy of the above
preambles and resolutions be sent to
the relatives, the officers and pupils of
the Institution, the Indianapolis *Scen-
tinel*, and the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

JOHN M. BROWN,
PHILIP J. HASENSTAB,
FIELD MORROW,
CHARLES KERNEY.
Washington, D. C., Sept. 26, 1879.

The Royal Imperial Institution of
Vienna celebrated its centennial an-
niversary in September of this year.

—Annals.

PERSEVERANCE.

TAKING TOO MUCH LIBERTY.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Will you oblige
me by allowing me to say a few words
through your paper? Having seen in
the last issue of your paper my name
mentioned as having sent you two
copies of *Saturday Night Out*, pub-
lished by Mr. Bowes and edited by
Mr. Chamberlain, I emphatically say
that I never sent you such directly,
nor did I authorize any person to do
so. Some person did it out of fun.
This is the second time that my name
has been used in your paper without
my knowledge or consent.

F. C. DAVIS.
Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 28, 1879.

[It was a dirty trick, no matter who
did it.—Ed.]

PATRONIZE THE JOURNAL.

MODEL CULTURE.

Six years ago some benevolent ladies
living in Boston and vicinity, being
impressed with the inability of many of
their sex to attend suitable schools,
decided to organize a society for en-
couraging studies at home.

They selected six courses of study,
viz.: History, Natural Science, Art, Ger-
man, French, and English Literature.
Competent ladies volunteered to take
charge of each study, and give direc-
tions and advice to any student that
chose to study the branch in their de-
partment, charging only a sum suffi-
cient for return postage. Each stu-
dent reports monthly, stating her prog-
ress, the difficulties she meets, etc.,
and encloses a sample of her notes or
abstracts for criticism.

"I think they commenced with five
students. Last year they had eight
hundred and sixty-nine. Since many
of the students pursued two or more
studies, they required one thousand
and seven correspondents or teachers.
The students resided in thirty-five
different States and Canada.

If this society has proven so benefi-
cial for hearing people, would not sim-
ilar ones benefit the deaf? Why not
change the deaf-mute conventions into
annual meetings of a society for en-
couraging studies at home, where the
members shall meet to compare notes
on intellectual and moral improve-
ment? What more fitting time for
organizing such societies than that of
the national convention?

Judging others by myself, none of
the deaf know any too much when they
leave school, and what they have learned
is easily forgotten. All cannot at-
tend the National Deaf-Mute College;
but I think all, or nearly all, can read
and study some at home. Even an
hour or half-hour daily amounts to
considerable during a year, and after
a habit of studying is once acquired,
it is a delightful one. Some learned
man has said that to master six new
words or ideas a day is the best the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, OCT. 9, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, \$12.00. If not paid within six months, 2.00. These prices are in advance. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter. 63 Terms, cash in advance.

All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Rules of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents. Other charges extra.

For National Deaf-Mute Convention.

As per our promise, we submit another article, this week, on the above-named subject, the meaning of which we hope none will misunderstand.

Wishing fairness for all who desire to attend the convention, we have decided to prolong the time for selecting a place at which to hold the convention until January 1st, 1880, and below we give a plan for the speedy and satisfactory determination of the location, one of the following cities to be ultimately decided upon as the place where the convention will be held: Syracuse, N. Y., Washington, D. C., Pittsburg, Pa., Cincinnati, O., Chicago, Ill., St. Louis, Mo.

We wish those who intend to be at the convention to forward us their names in full, their residences, and the place at which they desire the convention held, and as fast as received they will be published in the JOURNAL, space in which will be used, from week to week, until January 1st, for that particular purpose, and at which time it will be settled, after counting, by a majority vote in which of the places named the convention will be held. The column or columns of the JOURNAL devoted to this purpose will contain nothing but the names, residences, and address of place of those expressing their preference—no comment will be inserted in the space thus used. We will, however, insert, right here, as an example, to show our readers how it will be done, the following names of persons who have already expressed their preference:

CHICAGO. 1. L. M. Larson, Springfield, Wis., Aug. 25, 1880.

CINCINNATI. 1. P. A. Emery, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 11, 1880. 2. J. E. Gallagher, Girard, Ill., Aug. 11, 1880.

SYRACUSE. 1. H. C. Rider, Mexico, N. Y., Aug. 21, 1880. No names of counties will be inserted.

We suggest that the convention meet on Saturday morning, August 21st, effect an organization, attend religious services on Sunday, and on Monday proceed to business connected with the convention.

Personally, we are still in favor of Syracuse, the central location for a large number of deaf-mutes, from which an excursion to Thousand Islands is convenient, and where we could have the excursion by ourselves very conveniently, but we shall be satisfied with the place that is decided upon by a majority of voters whose names shall be sent us for publication. We are in favor of a local committee to make arrangements beforehand for the convention, thus avoiding large unnecessary expense.

If Mr. J. E. Gallagher had read our previous article as carefully as did Mr. Henry White he would have seen that the reason why we wanted a treasurer was because we were in favor of permanent conventions; but if it is intended only to have a temporary convention the committee will answer the same purpose.

When the convention meets, the chairman, whoever he may be, will receive the credentials of each State, appoint an executive committee of one for each State represented, and the whole number thus appointed, comprising a committee, will proceed to appoint officers for the convention in session, thus making it national in practice as well as theory.

It would be well to appoint a chairman from the place in which the convention is held. We would only be willing to take that position provided the convention is held in Syracuse, which is conveniently near to us. Should it be held in Cincinnati Mr. R. P. McGregor would be the proper person for chairman.

Now let all who have a choice in location, and all have who expect to go, send in their names, address, and the designated places at which they desire to have the convention held, and when January 1st, 1880, comes it will be an easy matter for us to count up and ascertain the place named by a majority.

THE "LEADER" DEAD AND BURIED.

DUG HIS OWN GRAVE, AND FELL INTO ITS OWN FILTH.

Ye lovers of antiquated slang and contemptible extravaganzas, listen to the *Leader's* dying wail. Its poor editor, in the last issue, says that he will be obliged to lay down his pen, his physician having advised him to give up the extra work coincident with the publishing of the *Leader*.

The physician, in this case, happens to be a doctor of finance, and not a medical doctor. Mr. Bond need not excuse himself, as there are very few but will be glad to see his paper sink to the dirty, slimy grave prepared by the filthy course it has pursued. And when the *Leader* generally falls flat, whether it hits the mark or not, but in this case it has rebounded on the nasty paper, and made for it a pittingly dirty tomb.

If we were allowed to make a suggestion we would present the following epitaph, to be carved on the wood shed in which it is buried: "Poor *Leader*! Starved to death, and buried in the slime of its own engendering."

NOTICES.

The next regular meeting of the Ontario Literary Club will be held at the residence of Mrs. G. J. Chandler at 8 o'clock Saturday evening, October 17th. A general invitation to attend is extended to deaf-mutes.

G. L. REYNOLDS, Secretary.

Rev. Dr. T. Galland writes that, after all, Professor Job Turner must go to Saco, Me., to officiate at religious services.

Mr. Wm. Bailey is expected to conduct services in St. Paul's Church, Boston, at 3 p. m. Sunday, October 12th.

Rev. Dr. T. Galland expects to conduct services in St. Ann's Chapel, Brooklyn, N. Y., at 3 p. m. Sunday, October 12th. Dr. Galland hopes to see a general attendance of the deaf-mutes of Brooklyn.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

Thursday, September 25th, witnessed a very large crowd of deaf-mutes at the rooms of the Manhattan Literary Association. Among the notables were John Carlin, C. S. Newell, Henry J. Haight, E. A. Hodgson, Jacques Loew, M. Heyman, J. Russell, and A. Fersenheim.

The secretary read the minutes of the previous meeting, which were adopted.

Three new members were admitted: John Hogan, E. Souweine, and A. Seelig. After a short debate about the contemplated printing of some circulars, Mr. Wells took the floor, and informed the members that he had been appointed a teacher in the Baltimore Institution for Colored Deaf and Dumb, and, consequently, would have to sever his connection with the association. His resignation was unanimously accepted.

Bond then took the floor, and referred to the charges against McCune that had just been presented by Godfrey. He was beginning to tell the association how it should proceed to investigate them, when he was interrupted by Mr. Carlin, who inquired about the legality of the proposed method.

The ever-cheeky Bond seized a copy of the by-laws, and attempted to show the correctness of his ideas, but ignominiously failed. He then suggested that a committee be selected to hear the case, and to give their decision afterwards in accordance with the evidence given. This was objected to by two or three members, as the charges had not yet been made public. After a good deal of talk, the secretary was instructed to write the charges on the large slate, which were as follows:

CHARGES AGAINST McCUNE.

"I, Thomas Godfrey, being a member of the Manhattan Literary Association, do claim that James McCune, the first vice-president of the association, did enter the room on the 14th of August, and while performing the duties of presiding officer, in the absence of the president, was laboring under the influence of liquor, and, by his conduct and by the public use of liquor, did cause the association to fall under a disgrace, and that the intoxicating manner in which said McCune was laboring was sufficient to disgrace the association, of which I am a member, and I beg that said McCune be removed from the position he now holds so that the association show its good judgment, in the way of punishment, for such offenses as has been exhibited." The above remarkable document was drafted by Thomas Godfrey, and seems to be an attempt at legal form, which comes very far from the evident intention of the writer. Of the bad grammar displayed it is unnecessary to speak, as most of your readers will have their little laugh over it when it is read.

The president appointed Messrs. W. O. Fitzgerald, Bernard Clark, and Theodore Froelich to examine into the merits or demerits of the case and render their decision accordingly.

Godfrey proceeded to give a number of doubtful statements, in which he got badly confused, and then began to say something foreign to the case, but was called to order, whereupon he shrugged his shoulders, and meandered to his seat.

Mr. Carlin showed the inconsistency of the evidence produced, pointed to the correct ruling on the occasion by McCune, and added that the motion for another meeting was voted for by every member present, which would not have been the case if McCune had not been capable of acting in his official capacity. The reason for the charge was, doubtless, because McCune refused to postpone the next meeting till September, which was what Godfrey wanted.

There being no more evidence against Mr. McCune, the case was given to the committee, who reserved their decision.

A noticeable part of the proceedings was the manœuvring of Mr. Fersenheim, who came armed with a pair of forget-me-nots, and stood in the background with the glasses levelled at each of the speakers in turn.

The meeting broke up in confusion while Bond was saying something which appeared to be a general defence of everything he has done, is doing, or will do.

It is rather sad to witness the sheepish, humble manner in which he addresses the members, and it seems all the more affecting when contrasted with his bullying style of a few weeks ago. But whether or not he feels the humiliating position in which he has placed himself, the most of the members rejoice that he has, at least, been forced to make way for justice.

"Tis sweet, when winds moan waves in wild turmoil,
Safe on the shore to watch another's toil;
Not that one's pain another's joy can be,
But sweet the sight of ill, one's self being free." ACHILLA.

Local Paragraphs.

Weather-to-day very summer-like. Miss Gertrude Stone recently spent a few days at Utica.

We learn that George Goodell has recently been very sick.

Miss Etta Larkin has been quite sick for a few days past.

R. A. Orvis has moved into the house that he purchased of Mrs. King.

Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Webb have recently been quite sick for a few days.

Quarterly meeting services were held last Saturday and Sunday at the M. E. Church.

Anson McDaniels has quit the meat business here, and moved to Stone Quarry.

Rev. Mr. Lewis will hereafter officiate regularly as rector at Grace Church.

Mr. E. D. Bates, proprietor of the Central Square News, made us a short call one day last week.

No finer weather was ever made than we have been enjoying during the past few days.

William Sainsbury, for over two years a compositor in this office, is at work in the *Sun* office in Oswego.

Mr. Henry Humphries, of the *Independent*, returned last week from a very pleasant visit in Upper Canada.

A roan cow strayed from or was stolen from the premises of William Adams at Stone Quarry last Saturday night.

The Dominion Telegraph Company has reduced its rates so that a message which formerly cost 25 cents now costs but 20 cents.

Mrs. Bowne (daughter of Mr. Oliver Whitney), her child, and Mrs. Beebe, of St. Lawrence county, have been visiting friends in this village.

Mrs. O. H. Whitney, of Courtland, who has been visiting friends here, her former home, left to-day via Oswego, where she intended to remain for a few days.

School Commissioner McGuire held an examination in the brick school-house in this village last Friday. A large number of applicants were inspected, and received licenses to teach.

Skunks are becoming numerous in this village. One was found near L. S. Tiffany's kitchen piazza last Saturday morning, and one evening last week two were discovered perched upon another man's door steps.

A large number of the members of Huntington Guards enjoyed target-shooting last Saturday. The following won prizes: 1—Rufus Enos; 2—M. G. Cheever; 3—Willard Coon; 4—E. L. Huntington; 5—H. M. Ames.

We have been shown a fine photograph, taken by Mr. Brockway, of the interior of the Universalist Church, beautifully decorated, as it appeared on the occasion of the recent marriage ceremony of Mr. Edmund Everts and Miss M. E. Cadby.

After several years of great suffering, Mrs. Hiram Barber departed this life last Monday. Her funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Wednesday, October 8th, in the M. E. Church, of which she was a faithful and devoted member. The family has our sympathy.

Rev. A. A. Brockway, who has been officiating temporarily at Grace Church this summer, preached his farewell sermon last Sunday evening. His next field of labor is, we understand, at Clayton, N. Y. During his short stay here Mr. Brockway has made a large number of friends by his kind and social manners, and we wish him much success.

The Itenizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itenizer*.

STURGIS, Mich., has one deaf-mute—Willie Allman.

CHARLES GARRISON works on the *Detroit Free Press*.

The Ontario Institution underwent various improvements during vacation.

MISS ANKERETTE LOVEJOY has left Detroit to live with her step-father in Kansas.

J. C. HUMMER, of Sharon Center, Ia., is going to build a large, new barn next spring.

INDIAN arrow-heads are included in the varieties at the museum of the Michigan Institution.

CHARLES F. TUTTLE, of New Orleans, La., has moved from 127 Canal street to 205 Baronne street.

SEVERAL new apprentices have commenced instructions in shoemaking at the Michigan Institution.

W. G. W. SCHUTT, formerly of New York, is clerking for J. L. Butzel's Sons at Saugerties, Ulster county, N. Y.

SICKNESS prevented the prompt return of quite a large number of the Michigan Institution pupils at the school's re-opening.

"The American Angel," *Off the Deaf and Dumb* for October is a hand-out, and is replete with matters of interest to the deaf and dumb.

NATHANIEL WILLIAMS, of the blind department of the Michigan Institution, has contributed specimens of copper ore to the museum.

MR. JOE MOSKAT, of Belle Plaine, Ia., gave J. C. Hummer a call last winter, and had a good debate with him about the religion of the Bible.

ONE of the female teachers in the Michigan Institution recently found a five-leaved clover, while searching for monstrosities and curiosities.

MARY HYDE BROWN, aged 16, who has been a pupil of the Illinois Institution for six years, died at her home in Kane county, Illinois, September 9th.

MRS. SPEIGHT, for several years housekeeper of the Ontario Institution, has been promoted to the matrimony of the institution for blind at Bradford.

HARRY K. POWELL has a good place in the Singer Sewing Machine Works of Elizabethport, N. J. He says he will send \$1.50 for the JOURNAL next week.

FRANK C. HOLLOWAY, a graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College and formerly of the Iowa Institution, has been appointed a teacher in the latter institution.

MISS NELLIE D. CLAPP, Miss Sallie Howard, and Messrs. Heyman, of New York, and Davis, of Boston, attended the services at St. Ann's Church Sunday, September 28th.

GEORGE HUNTER is regaining his health since quitting shoemaking and traveling with and working for his brother, who is an itinerant photographer in the State of Michigan.

In the Iowa City *Republican* is found the following paragraph: "J. C. Hummer's little boy fell down from a high chair and broke his collar bone, which was promptly repaired."

We learn from a private source that our friend George Farley is a "brick." This is astonishing news, as we once thought him made of flesh and blood and the father of a large family of children.

MR. FRANK THOMPSON, of Bond Brook, N. J., who graduated from the New York Institution about five years ago, has been engaged as private tutor to Lewis Kottmann, a deaf and dumb boy of New York city.

LEZZIE MORFORD, a deaf-mute girl residing on Hicks street, Brooklyn, was run over and fatally injured, September 23d, in Newark, N. J., by a wagon belonging to Lagonitz's Trunk Factory driven by David Bray.

THE *Leader* says that any subscriber finding a blue mark on his paper, will know that his time has expired and that the editor wants more money. There will shortly be a great demand for blue lead pencils in Brooklyn.

If any one knows of the whereabouts of Perry Barnes, formerly a pupil of the Illinois Institution, and also a teacher in the Iowa Institution, he will greatly oblige by informing J. C. Hummer of Sharon Center, Iowa.

A correspondent writes: "I. I. Case and Co's excursion and Mr. B. S. Field, the deaf-mute, of Racine, Wis., will go to Chicago on the 11th of October, 1879. The train will leave Racine at 7:30 a. m., Chicago at 8 p. m."

W. A. BOND will appear in his great personification of Mephistopheles October 2d in the basement of St. Ann's Church, New York. He will be at home in the above character as far as the hellishness of his designs are concerned.

JOHN M. COLLARD and wife, of Lockport, N. Y., think of naming their two-months-old son "Thomas" in honor of Thomas L. Brown, of the Michigan Institution, who was formerly the parents' teacher. Mrs. Collard was formerly Miss Celia Harris.

ALEXANDER LESLIE, while painting on the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroad, New York, September 13th, fell from the scaffold, striking on his head on the cobble stones beneath. He was at once taken to Bellevue Hospital, where he died in a short time.

HIRSH L. LIVINGSTON, dealer in sewing-machine and hand needles, needle-cases, best toilet and shaving soap, and other articles, has removed from Goffstown to No. 191 Hanover street, Manchester, N. H., where he will be pleased to see his friends.

CONRAD KLINGMAN, a brother of Frank Klingman, fell off the dock at Third street, New York, into the East River, and was drowned. The body was recovered at Pier No. 1, North River, on Thursday, September 25th. Young Klingman was but nine years old.

THE late Professor Walter W. Angus taught at the Michigan Institution from the fall of 1869 to the summer of 1865, and then went to the Indiana Institution, where he was a teacher until his death, a few weeks since. He was a semimute of more than ordinary ability.

MISS JENNIE BOGGS attended St. Ann's Church, New York, on Sunday, September 28th. On the 19th of November the great event of her life will come off at the same place, when she will be united in marriage with Edward C. Ould, a former pupil of the Hartford school.

THE steamer Plymouth Rock lately had a distinguished passenger, James H. Diamond, President of the Manhattan Literary Association. Mr. Diamond has been to West Point, and, doubtless, inquired into the "hazing" affair of a few months ago. Mr. Diamond returned home replete with knowledge, and exhilarated by the breezy sail.

THERE are five new students at the National Deaf-Mute College from Indiana this fall. They are Philip J. Hasenalt, Charles Kearney, John M. Brown, N. Field Morrow and Charles Filley. Thus there are nine students from Indiana at present, but nearly all the students believe that Mr. Kearney is from California, where General Dennis Kearney lives, and that, therefore, he may be his son, as, says a student, he is a smart brick-scraper.

THE editor of the *Mirror* is troubled with a sore thumb. We wish it speedily recovery.

ONE pupil returned to school, at the Colorado Institution, with \$11 for new subscriptions to the *Index*.

THE Colorado Institution re-opened with fourteen pupils, but there has since been an increase in attendance.

A correspondent writes: "The number of pupils at Rome is nearly 140. How many have they in Rochester?"

HUNDREDS of birds, including robins, furnish plenty of music nights and mornings at the Virginia Institution.

LEONARD STARK, of Detroit, has taken some English Sparrows to the Michigan Institution as a present for the girls.

THE *Mule's Chronicle*, published at the Ohio Institution, has reappeared to us since vacation, and is again one of our welcome visitors.

PROFESSOR W. MARSHALL, of the Missouri Institution, returned from Europe about September 1st, looking healthy and much improved.

THE *Index* press is practically useless, and the paper has to be printed in a neighbor's office. A new press should be provided at Colorado's expense.

ONE of our correspondents says: "I want to know how many pages the *Raindrop* comprises. Can you or any one tell me?" [Yes; one before us comprises 64 pages.—Ed.]

SAYS a writer: "I was a mistake; it wasn't meant to. I should have said the matron of the Rome Institution was meek and sweet—not high and mighty—bless the little body."

ELIAS A. STARNETT, a former pupil of the American Asylum and also a subscriber of the JOURNAL, is a brakeman on the Main Central Railroad from Bangor to Portland, 135 miles.

THE *Gazette* reports that workmen are busy at work on the steeple of the Presbyterian church, and suggests that if steeples could be built in an inverted style it would be safer and more convenient.

MR. D. A. SIMMONS, of St. Louis, Mo., in sending the names of four new subscribers, for which he has our heartfelt thanks, says: "As yet I see no good reason why the (national) convention should not be held at Syracuse."

PROF. A. L. E. CROCKER, of the Pennsylvania Institution, spent a short time in Colorado Springs during vacation. Being an old friend of the superintendent of the Colorado Institution, he was his guest most of the time during his sojourn there.

MR. MANN, a member of the High Class at the New York Institution, spent a day or two at the Rome Institution last week. The fine goal that he won at the Columbia College athletic games last spring was frequently called out for admiration.

"Two years ago," says a writer to the JOURNAL, "a Michigan minister sent a package of pop corn to my father, who planted it last year. The corn stalks were 10 feet in height. Last fall he obtained one and one-half bushels of pop corn from ten hills."

"LAST March," says a writer, "I received the Brooklyn *Leader*, published by W. A. Bond. I won't help pay for his filthy paper by being a subscriber. It is not as large as the JOURNAL, which is the best. No deaf-mute should take the *Leader*, which would necessitate its suspension."

WE are pleased to hear that our friend John Wilkinson has succeeded in obtaining a good situation in the large wholesale establishment of Spellman Brothers, New York. Mr. Wilkinson is a graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College, and (though both deaf and dumb) is a young man of brilliant attainments. We predict for him a grand future.

THE *Mule's Chronicle* says of Willie Mainwaring: "This boy, intelligent and beloved, who had been at school two years, was run down by a locomotive at his home, Washingtonville, Columbia county, on Sunday, August 31st. He lived but two hours. He had been absent from home but fifteen minutes, and in company with others was walking on the track. He was sixteen years old, and a decidedly promising boy."

MISS KATE BLAUVELT, of Nyack, N. Y., formerly a teacher in the American Asylum for five years, and in the New York Institution for five years, is in town, a guest of ours. She was our classmate, and is an old friend of ours. She left the New York Institution about three years ago on account of poor health, which has since been improved. We are very much pleased to have our friend Kate visit us, and we trust that she will have a pleasant time while sojourning here.

LAST week the Rome Institution was honored by a visit from "Howard Glyndon," now Mrs. Laura C. Searing, with her husband, who is a rising New York lawyer. She visited the institution to see if she could find some homeless little deaf girl whom she might add to her family. The officers and teachers, one of whom is an old friend, had a very pleasant visit, and found her, if anything, as agreeable as a guest as she is as a poet and author. Though she finds little occasion to use signs, she keeps them in mind very well.

MISS MARY L. HODGSON, of Thorndike Station, Me., writes: "I have been reading the columns of your noble paper for a year. Its weekly appearance promises interesting and profitable reading. I wait patiently each week for the dear paper, which is a welcome visitor. I am much pleased to read the good western and southern letters in your paper, which are full of interest to me as well as the eastern news. I think the writers are intellectual and industrious. Enclosed find money for the JOURNAL for the coming year."

LAST August Mrs. Martin Sloom (a mute) and her daughter, of Hartford, Conn., spent three weeks with Mrs. Sloom's mother and other friends at Danville Junction, Mo. Mr. Sloom is a baker at the American Asylum. On the 13th of September Miss Mary S. Hicks, a hearing sister of Mrs. Sloom, while hunting hens, fell from the hay mow, and badly fractured her left leg above the knee. Her doctor says she will be able to sit up in a few days. She is now very comfortable.

WE are in receipt of the advance sheets of "Who Killed Cock Robin," or *Crying Evils* in the Deaf-Mute World, a pamphlet of 64 pages, now in the press, and soon to be issued by Professor P. A. Emery, of Chicago. A careful scrutiny of the advance sheets confirms us in the belief that the pamphlet will not only prove one of much interest to the deaf and dumb, but to a large number of their friends. The author is Professor P. A. Emery, Principal of the Chicago Deaf-Mute School, and author of "Science and Religion," "Landscapes of History," "Inner Life of Night Thoughts," "Order of Creation," etc., etc.

A writer for these columns says: "Old Orchard Beach, 15 miles from Portland, Me., is a popular seaside summer resort. Pleasure-seekers, tourists, and semi-invalids from all parts of the country are making their way to Old Orchard Beach. There is room enough for all. The air is fresh and pure. There are stores, restaurants, and apothecary shops there. Sometimes five thousand persons have been present there, but there has been no liquor there, and not a case of drunkenness. Mr. Smith, of the Central Home, refuses liquor to the guests who want it. Many gentlemen and ladies make the most thrilling temperance speeches."

A. T. CHADLER is employed at the Cliff House, Maunton, C.

ONLY two of the Colorado Institution pupils are now working in the *Index* office.

MR. GEORGE L. REYNOLDS, late of Brooklyn, N. Y., who gave up a good situation to accept a place in our office, is in constant receipt of well-wishes from his numerous friends throughout this State and elsewhere, for which he returns his sincere thanks.

A week ago Mrs. S. P. Hastings, mother of Grace Hanger, made a short but pleasant call at the Rochester Institution.

MR. and MRS. JAMES JONES, who moved from Port Byron, N. Y., to Cayuga last March, are happy in their new home. They are on a farm, and Mr. Jones is very busy.

MINISTER CHRISTIANITY reports that in Peru there is no school for deaf-mutes. An attempt to establish one failed for want of pupils. Judge Christiany thinks the number of deaf and dumb persons in Peru is in a much smaller ratio than in the United States.—*New York World*.

SAYS a deaf-mute: "Hon. George Briggs, of Wilmington, N. C., is residing in Rhode Island, and thence he expects to take a sail over the briny deep to Germany, his fatherland. He is the owner of a natural telescope, of peculiar construction. His right eye is located in a very soft parchment-like socket, which, by the compression of the muscles passing around the eye, stretches the ball out at least six inches. It oiled well it can go out and draw in with ease."

MR. JAMES O'NEIL, recent graduate of the New York Institution, obtained a good situation in a wholesale grocery in New York and worked there all the past summer, but two weeks ago his master kindly gave him a vacation of two weeks. He visited the "branch institution," at Tarrytown, the Rome Institution, the Rochester Institution, and the Catholic Institution at Buffalo. Speaking of the Rochester Institution, he spelled, "I think it is one of the nicest places in the State."

JOHN W. CLOVEZ, Esq., the gentlemanly and clever foreman of the shoe shop at the North Carolina Institution, has just returned from his rambles among the mountains in Western North Carolina. He has not yet sketched the snowing cliffs on the gentle Suwanee, and painted on canvas the bed of foam and brilliant rainbows below the falls, or the deep and swift French Broad. It is rumored that he lost his heart somewhere between Asheville and Salisbury—no doubt in a soft and pleasant place. No reward for the discovery.

PETER GILMORE, Jr., who intends to subscribe for the JOURNAL as long as he lives, informs us that he was lately visited, at his home in Dushore, Pa., by Jacob Capron, who entered the Pennsylvania Institution in 1825 and left it in 1828. Mr. Capron is in independent circumstances, is a wool carder by occupation, and is said to be industrious, of which there is little doubt. In 1824 he walked from Hartford, Susquehanna county, Pa., to Philadelphia, and when he returned home went in the same way with the exception of occasional short rides with which he fell in contact while on his route. Among his classmates were John Carlin, Joseph O. Pyatt, Murtagh, Setman, and Albert Newman.

AN EXCURSION TO THE SEASIDE.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 29, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The vacation of 1879 has passed and gone like all vacations. Its pleasures have been borne away so swiftly on the wings of time that it caused many, while enjoying basket picnics, fishing, boating, and a great variety of rustic amusements, to declare school-life a bore, and those who mingled with the gay, rambling through romantic groves and woods, picking wild flowers, and nestling away in shady nooks, castle building, to vow life at home in vacation nothing but a dream, a dream far fairer than any ever dreamed in Eden.

But why thus brood over the thoughts of past pleasures? They have all passed, and the school-girl, as well as the boy, finds herself once more seated before her desk, with a slate and book before her, her whole countenance possessing the troubled look of an ancient pedagogue. What more could human beings wish than two long months to spend in self-amusement and the remainder of the year to devote to the culture of their minds, to enable them to enjoy the pleasures of the next season with more relish. We ask these questions, and while the troubled-looking individuals were endeavoring to think of some pleasure they had not had opportunities for partaking there came a voice from the officers' quarters whispering that the girls were going to the sea-shore. They were going to have a holiday before long—they were going to Cape May. Oh, was there ever such good news before? The rumor soon spread all over the institution. On the girls' side the news was received like the news of the Declaration of Independence by the Whigs. On the other side it met pretty much the same contempt that that famous paper received from the Tories. If the news had proved false

Correspondence.

(Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for, those expressed by any of our correspondents.)

The Late Clinton S. Fay.

DEAR EDITOR:—Almost every deaf-mute in Western New York has heard with sorrow of the death of the kind-hearted old Brocton deaf-mute Clinton S. Fay. His was a New England family, which removed to Chautauqua county early in the present century. He was not born deaf, I believe, but lost his hearing at too early an age to reap any advantage from such a favorable circumstance.

When he was just in his teens his father heard of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. In those days the present conveniences for traveling were unknown, and it was nearly as much of an undertaking to travel from Buffalo to New York as it is now from New York to San Francisco. But the good man was resolved that his son should have an education if it could be had, no matter at what trouble and expense. He took young Fay with him on a canal boat to Albany, and from thence sailed by sloop to New York. Money was scarce in those times, and walking was the cheapest way of traveling, so the old man, (not so very old then,) after he had seen Clinton safely disposed of at the institution in New York, trudged from thence to Albany, thence to Buffalo and his home.

After two years his mother, with a mother's longing, wished to see him. Accordingly she rode on the canal to Albany, and down the river on a sailboat to New York. She found her boy in a sad plight, all ragged, and so patched that she could not tell the original cloth from the more modern "improvements." It seems that old Loofborow, then at the head of the institution, was not any too smart or too honest as a manager, and the funds sent him for Clinton somehow disappeared in his pocket. His mother felt very bad over it, and had him rigged out in a new suit, and it is to be hoped, gave old Loofborow a piece of her mind that kept him from straying from his path of rectitude for a time. Anyhow, young Fay was better cared for after that. After leaving seen things all right his mother left him, and returned home in the same way that she came. Such proofs of maternal love are not any too frequent in these days, however much we are supposed to be superior to that generation.

After two years at New York Mr. Fay returned home. This was about fifty-three years ago. He had been but four years at school, but had made such good use of his time that he was much better educated than many of those who have stayed twice as long. He worked with his father, and after a time became the owner of a fine farm of his own. I had the pleasure of visiting his home a few weeks since, where I gleaned the foregoing particulars relating to his life. The apple orchard on his farm is one of the oldest in Chautauqua county; many of the trees are more than six feet in girth. Besides there is a fine vineyard, stocked with the choicest varieties of grapes. All these with his fine residence represent the fruit of his own well-directed industry.

The interest he took in his fellow unfortunates was remarkable. He would think nothing of driving forty and fifty miles to visit them or to hunt them up and have them sent to school. Nothing pleased him more than to have a fellow-mute drop in on him for a few days' visit, as many will pleasantly remember who have enjoyed his hospitality.

He went to Buffalo August 26th to attend the Empire State re-union, but before the association met was suddenly seized with a severe and painful sickness, and was unable to meet his fellow-mutes. Under the treatment of skilful physicians he rallied, and was able to go home two days afterwards, but it seems that he was again stricken down, and died the next week. Dr. Isaac Lewis Post, his old friend and neighbor, was at his death-bed and assisted him in making his will.

Though he ever pursued the humbler walks of life, his homely virtues made him one of the most useful and popular members of his community, and of the Baptist Church, of which he was a member. Many of his kind who have been blessed with higher talents, and better advantages for their cultivation, could do well by emulating his example. May he rest in peace. J. H. Eddy.

Rome, N. Y., Sept. 29, 1879.

NOTES FROM ST. LOUIS.

Professor B. T. Gilkey was in town recently visiting his friends. He held services at Christ Church on the 21st.

Miss Della Cannon has returned from a six weeks' visit at Huntville, Mo.

Mr. George T. Dougherty left for the National Deaf-Mute College on the 12th. He is a member of the sophomore class.

M. James Simpson, of the Iowa Institution, made his brother, D. A. Simpson, a short visit while on his way to Council Bluffs.

The deaf-mute day school has been removed to a more pleasant and convenient location on Ninth and Wash streets. It now has 36 pupils.

A very pleasant party was given recently at the home of Miss Cordelia Mitchell, the occasion being the celebration of her birthday. Twenty-six deaf-mutes were present.

The many friends of Miss Martha Bailey will be glad to know that she has recovered from her long and serious illness, and is able to be among them again. S.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 27, 1879.

ROCKLAND NEWS.

ROCKLAND, Me., Sept. 28, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I visited "The Knox Cattle Show and Agricultural Fair," held at Thomaston, Me., September 24th. While there I met several deaf-mutes, viz.: Miss Caledonia B. Rivers, Miss Orianna Piper, Frank B. Plagg, and Mrs. Hannah Woodcock, formerly Hannah Butler.

Mrs. Woodcock was one of three deaf-mutes in the same family. She has a hearing and speaking husband, who is a blacksmith, and does ship-work. She is an old pupil of the Asylum at Hartford, Conn.

Miss Rivers is a mute, and is employed in the family of Mrs. French in Thomaston, Me. She has lived in the Southern States, some of the time in Texas. She was a pupil in the Texas Institution for a few years. Her parents died in Texas. A short time since she came to Thomaston. She is about seventeen years of age, very smart, uses good language and talks very readily.

Miss Orianna Piper has been a pupil for seven years at Hartford, Conn., is a good scholar, and appears to be a nice lady. She thinks she shall not return to school at Hartford at present. I also met Frank B. Plagg, who works in a harness shop in this city. His attendance at school in Hartford was short, and his advantages have been limited.

I often go to Camden to visit Benjamin H. B. Alden and wife, formerly Mary Hanson, a pupil at Hartford when I was a pupil there.

I often visit Mrs. Shepard, formerly Margaret Ingraham, educated at Hartford, Conn. She is now sixty-six years old. She is the mother of nine children, none of them deaf, and her sons are among the smartest business men. One of them is High Sheriff of Knox county. She married a hearing man, who still lives to share with her their pleasant home.

"Columbus," writing from Ohio, in the last JOURNAL, speaks of "relies" of the broken carriage of Rev. Collins Stone, principal of the Hartford school, who met so tragic a death. I am happy to say that I also possess one of the spokes of his wagon, which I prize very highly as a memorial of my loved principal. I am happy to send at any time anything to contribute to the interest of your paper, which I esteem so highly that I could not do without it. Yours truly, ALBERT O. BOWLER.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE NOTES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 25, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The college opened this year with an unusually large number of semi-mutes, the Indiana Institution taking the lead. Experience within this college has proved that the more semi-mutes there are among the new students the fewer base-ball players are there among them, and it has turned out so this year. There is good material for the college, but none for the Kendall Base Ball Club—so much the better.

A few years ago any new applicant was considered fortunate who succeeded in getting admitted to the freshman class; now the mantle has descended upon the advanced preparatory class. Any one would be grateful if he could pass the examination for admission to that class. There seems no good reason why so many could not have been better prepared to enter the upper class of the preparatory department. Among the newcomers are many possessed of good abilities, a fair command of language, and habits of study, yet only two out of every ten succeeded in entering that class. The fault lies not with them, but generally with the institutions, which neglected to give them as thorough an education as possible.

The chief stumbling block which the new students encounter at the very threshold of the college is arithmetic. It is strange that so simple, yet so necessary, a study should be neglected. If not only arithmetic but grammar and history were better taught at institutions there would be fewer failures for admission to the advanced class of the preparatory department. A knowledge of all the higher branches of learning—such as algebra, geometry, logic, rhetoric, astronomy, etc., cannot pass muster here without an adequate knowledge of those primary, but necessary, studies. If more attention were given to them in the institutions deaf-mutes would be better prepared for their encounter with the world; they would be better able to earn their living.

As is natural, many blunders and amusing mistakes were made by the newcomers, being strangers in a strange land. One upon seeing Professor Porter, our oldest and most respected instructor, going to breakfast in the same direction as the students, innocently asked if he was student. Another, seeing Professor Chickering with a book under his arm, as he always is seen with one, inquired if he was a book-agent.

A rare curiosity in this college is a student who had rather enter the lower class than the advanced of the preparatory department, yet one has been found. He wishes to begin at the foot of the ladder.

Twelve new students have been successfully initiated into the secrets of our "S. S." in succession. More will be initiated this week.

When friends meet after a long separation each has something to tell the other. They recount the adventures that befel them, and the new experiences they picked up in the course of their travels. One describes the pleasures of the beach, another grows eloquent on the majesty and grandeur of the mountains which he has visited, still another goes into raptures over

the beauties of life in the country, and so on until their budget of news is empty. The story told by Arthur D. Bryant, of the class of '80, concerning a comical adventure that happened to him during vacation is perhaps the best yet told. The story is as follows, but, in order to appreciate it better, it is necessary to see it related by the hero in his own humorous way: One sultry day in August, Arthur Bryant betook himself to the mountains, with his drawing materials. It must be remembered that Mr. Bryant is an artist, intending to follow it as a profession. Happening to be near South Mountain, in Maryland, he went to visit the famous battlefield of Antietam with his sketch-book. After toiling for a few hours up to Turner's Gap, a name famous in the history of the civil war, he came within sight of a lonely cabin on the mountain-top.

Through the open door could be seen a woman, already advanced in years, with a long hooked nose, on which a very ancient pair of "specs" were suspended. She was a very hag in appearance. The chair she sat on was a rickety-looking affair, as venerable as the old dame herself. She was reading a book which seemed to have stood the wear and tear of a half-century. Our young artist, according to the free and easy custom of the country, walked in, and bowed to the ancient dame, who returned his curious gaze with interest. Then, taking out his tablet, he wrote the question, "Is this the place where a battle was fought?" and handed it to the old lady. She looked alternately at the tablet and at the writer, as if she did not comprehend what was wanted. In the hope of making her understand his question, he wrote singly the words "soldiers," and "battle," underscoring them, but all to no purpose.

She now began to eye him suspiciously, and to move away from him, in a line with the old broomstick, which was stowed away in a corner. Recourse was then had to drawing. A good likeness of a battle was soon drawn by the deft hand of our artist. The ancient dame stared more suspiciously than before at the hasty sketch, and continued to put as great a distance between herself and the intruder as possible. Our artist was at his wits' end, when suddenly a brilliant idea struck him. Acting at once upon the idea, he described a battle in pantomime, imitating the thunder of cannon and the meeting of two hostile ranks, when he suddenly stopped short in his lively description at seeing the old lady hobble as fast as her aged limbs would permit to the corner, where she hastily seized the old broom. He quickly made his exit without waiting for the answer.

Let me here say a word or two upon the subject that has been going on in the columns of the JOURNAL for the past few months. The article signed by "Wisconsin Girl Graduates," though we have reason to believe that it was not written by Wisconsin girls, as they have disavowed the authorship of it to one of the students and repudiated the sentiments therein expressed, has been answered by "One of the Proscribed," in which it is easy to see that the writer or writers have hurt themselves more than those against whom it was written. The woful crimes of which we are accused are such as will happen in the best regulated colleges and among young men outside of colleges. "Breathes there a man with soul so dead" that he will neither love a woman, neither respect her, nor quote poetry to her in his love letters?

"If such there breathe, go mark him well; The wretch, concentred all in self, Living, shall forfeit fair renown, And doubly dying, shall go down To the vile dust from whence they spring, Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

If the writer had confined herself to writing a list of the crimes of which we are accused one could afford to be amused at the attempt to transform love and respect to crimes, but when she went out of her way to attack the reputation and character of a lady long since married, and a mother, who can wonder that we do not seek a partner for life from among our own class if the writer is a fair sample of the rest, which I know is not the case from personal acquaintance with some of them; and if I did not know it the chaste language and ladylike tone of "Minnehaha's" letters would prove it to me. Mr. D. Webster George had been distinguished, while a student, for his respectful gallantry to the fair sex; indeed there is a tradition in college concerning a gallant exploit of his in reference to a lady, and the result of this base imputation must be to forever shake his confidence and respect for the sex.

I am glad to know that so fair-minded a person as "Minnehaha" did not make the insinuation which, in my hasty judgment, I ascribed to her. I had seen the insinuation made once or twice elsewhere, and a rapid glance gave me the wrong impression of her meaning. That must plead my excuse. As for the wrong I had done "Minnehaha," I regret it, and wish that I had not been so hasty in my judgment.

I must now apologize to the readers of the JOURNAL for writing so often upon a subject of which they must already be tired.

WANTS THE SECRETARY TURNED OUT OF THE ASSOCIATION.

FRIEND RIDER:—The fight between honor and fair dealing, on one side, and dishonor and scandal, on the other, is aptly illustrated by the quarrel between the members of the deaf-mute association in New York city. On the former side is found all the educated and industrious mutes; on the other those who from their shiftless habits are constantly out of employ-

ment and out at the elbow, and who may, with truth, be stigmatized as "bums," "free lunchers," etc., together with those who think they know much, but who are in reality, simply block-heads. These latter are found to be the chief supporters of that disgrace to the metropolis of America, the Brooklyn Leader, and look up to its editor (!) as a demi-god. This feather brain ignoramus receives their homage with a would-be aristocratic toss of his head, and, imagining himself dictator of the mutes of this State, has had the impudence to openly insult one who has done much for them, and a better friend they never had; and do the members of the Manhattan Literary Association, of which he is secretary, approve of his conduct? No, I don't believe they do, for I know there are many gentlemen among them, and, as such, it is their duty, and the honor of their association demands that they cast out the scoundrel who has disgraced them, and afterwards boasted of the act from their midst, and, by so doing, win the respect of all honorable men. G. L. R.

A LETTER FROM MOSCOW.

MOSCOW, O., Sept. 28, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Seeing that Clermont county is not yet represented in your paper, the facts, as far as I am acquainted with them, I will state to the best of my ability or recollection, and I will continue to keep your readers well advised of whatever may occur in this county as well as outside.

At the fair held last Thursday on the Ohio pike, leading from Cincinnati to Georgetown, five miles from Amelia, a popular little town, there was in attendance seven deaf-mutes, all of whom except one, enjoyed the privileges of the Ohio Institution. The fair seemed to have been a source of great enjoyment to them all, as it is located in a central place, and also a good place for them to meet each other every fall.

Mr. T. Everhart had not yet made his appearance as he used to, so that his friends have begun to think that he has made a flying visit to Summit county.

Mr. S. Swen, after becoming tired of the life of a single man, made a visit into Cincinnati last February, and soon after brought with him a load of great value, which has since proved a source of great happiness to him. From my own observation, he possesses practical knowledge of farming, by which he has been, from year to year, blessed with fine crops. Mrs. Swen, formerly Miss Gould, is praising life in the country, to which she has been used since leaving the city, and by which she seems to be much improved.

Miss Katie Swen, an accomplished young lady who has held the position of a teacher for a year or two in the Louisiana Institution, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, returned there last fall, but was soon after under obligation to leave for home owing to the prevalence of the yellow fever. There were five of the pupils who fell victims to that dreadful destroyer last fall. It is still raging, so that there are some nine kept at home, and Miss Swen's service is not needed until the full number is in attendance, which will be as soon as the State is free from the disease. She naturally solicits the care of her school, but should not try to go until some change occurs.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, after enjoying a few weeks' visit to her folks during vacation, left for New York, where they propose to spend a few weeks with Mr. Barnes' relatives. From thence they intend traveling through Virginia and other Southern States before returning to Louisiana. Mr. Barnes, formerly a well-known pupil in the New York Institution, while on his way to the South a few years ago visited in his capturing one of the pupils, who afterwards became his happy wife.

I have just had a dispatch from Newport stating that death had taken one of the Cincinnati boys a few days ago. Mr. Milton Van Dyke, a native of this county, was taken ill soon after returning from the re-union in Columbus last month, and continued to suffer until last week, when death relieved him. It will be noticed that the deceased, accompanied by several others, went to Columbus a healthy and hearty man to attend the re-union, which was evidently a source of great enjoyment to him.

I notice in your paper that there are many different opinions expressed as to the location of the national convention in 1880. I have studied the subject thoroughly, and endorse Professor Emery's views, which will, no doubt, be acceptable to those who have faith in a central place. He has wisely named Cincinnati as the most suitable place for holding the convention.

Mr. Joseph H. Vance, of Newport, would do your readers a favor by making several explanations as to its location. To a determination of this question, I invite the attention of honest-thinking men. J. C. B.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Sept. 20, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I have no doubt but the announcement that the national deaf-mute convention, talked about to an extent for a long time, should be held in the city of Syracuse in 1880 will make those living in the South and far West feel bad enough about it. But I think Syracuse is the most favorable place selected for holding the national convention on account of its being the city of conventions, but I want to know the main reason why the location of the convention could not be as central as possible in order that many living in the South and far West could attend it. A careful per-

usal of the article in this issue of your paper in regard to the location of the national convention fully convinced me that you know best, but I think of those mutes living in the South and West who would doubtless be sorry to be obliged to forego the desired pleasure of attending the national convention held at such a distant place. To be frank with you, I have always thought it best to have the convention held at a place as central as possible, which would be very accessible for those who would be glad to avail themselves of the desired opportunity to travel a reasonable distance. We have held so many conventions at different places in this State that we had better let the national convention be held at a central place for the special convenience for those mutes in the South and far West.

Last Friday evening I met Mr. Joseph H. Barnes, who was on his way from Canton, N. Y., to Baton Rouge, La., to resume his duties as teacher in the deaf and dumb institution. He freely expressed his views as to where the national convention should be held, and said that Louisville, Ky., would be the most central place that could be named for holding it. He has traveled a good deal, and says that he has seen no city that has more good hotels, with board of first quality, that can be found anywhere, than Louisville, and think that Kentucky has as many good hotels as Syracuse, and, besides, Louisville has many attractions. Yours truly, C. O. U.

DISSATISFACTION IN NEW ENGLAND.

MR. EDITOR:—The national convention being now a settled thing, an event which will in the usual course of human affairs take place in due time, as appointed for next summer, the question arises, what is to be done about our New England Gallaudet Association convention, which President Tillinghast, for reasons best known to himself, and much to the dissatisfaction of the New England mutes, postponed for two years, thus making it due next year? He has not yet seen fit to name any definite time for holding our convention. Many wanted it to take place the past summer, and, as is well known, many mutes in different parts of New England, wrote urgent appeals in the JOURNAL early in the season. To these appeals President Tillinghast turned a deaf ear, and preserved a dignified silence, thus leaving his constituents to form their own conclusions in regard to his strange mode of procedure, which is something unprecedented in the annals of the New England Gallaudet Association. I am not now going to make public what action has been taken in certain localities by numbers of prominent mutes, but will merely say that more than one indignation meeting has been held, when President Tillinghast's policy was freely criticised and unparaphrased denounced.

The question now under consideration is, when are we to have a convention? As President Tillinghast has not yet named any definite time, we respectfully submit that some time in the forthcoming winter be fixed, say the honored anniversary of February 22d. Furthermore, if President Tillinghast feels himself incompetent to deliver the usual address in signs, it may be well to place himself under immediate training for that purpose. Then when the day comes to face his constituents he will be prepared to meet their expectations for a clear, veracious, and satisfactory statement of facts concerning the embroglio existing between the New England Gallaudet Association and the trustees of the Industrial School, or the illegal status of the one or the other, or the personal difference between himself and Messrs. Gallaudet and Swett, whichever it may be, for, as matters now stand, it seems enough to puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to find out the facts of the case. Besides all this there will be strong interest manifested on the part of New England mutes, not omitting to let the fairer portion know all about Miss Morrison's bequest, where it has been since President Tillinghast obtained control over it, if invested, in what manner, and at what rate of interest, with the amount of interest accrued to date set down in plain figures. Yours truly, ROUNDROBIN.

DEATH OF GEORGE W. CAMPBELL.

In the village of Cherry Valley, N. Y., a sudden change of some dark cloud covered a silent house in which Mr. Geo. W. Campbell died on the morning of the 27th of September. It is a sad loss to our social circle of friends. He leaves two daughters and one son, his wife having departed this world at least ten years ago. His age was 71. His father and grandfather were well-bred Scotch descendants, and his brothers are distinguished men. One of the brothers, W. W. Campbell, was formerly a director of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

George was a graduate of the Canajoharie Institution for Deaf-Mutes, though, according to his wishes, he was admitted to the New York Institution for one year, thus adding much to his education. By trade he was a carpenter, and he was also a farmer. He was certainly an intelligent man, noble, industrious, and excellent. During a service for deaf-mutes in Buel Church two weeks ago he attended a sermon which was translated into signs. I have no hesitation in saying that he was a Christian. Although lamenting his death, we do it in the unfeeling belief that he has entered upon the joys of that bright world, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." J. E. S.

Cherry Valley, N. Y., Sept. 29, 1879.

OHIO INSTITUTION NOTES.

COLUMBUS, O., Oct. 3, 1879.

Up to date 394 pupils have been received, 224 boys and 170 girls, including 30 new pupils. The school is now well under way—everything moving along like clock-work. Miss Kate Millikan arrived Tuesday last, and all of the teachers are now at their posts except Miss Dare, of whom reports say that she is not improving rapidly, and it may be some time yet before she will return to assume her duties.

The trades taught at the institution are shoemaking, printing, and book-binding—not more varied, to be sure, than is to be found at similar institutions throughout the country. There is this difference, however, they are on a more permanent basis, especially the two last named. At the bindery, Ohio has annually bound over a hundred thousand books of ordinary binding, between fifty and seventy thousand copies of annual reports of her State institutions, and a large amount of extra binding for the State library and for outside parties, besides doing a great deal of ruling and ledger-making for the offices in the State House. Thus it will be seen that there is a vast amount of work done by the State at the institution, which is a source of great saving to the State, besides affording profitable and beneficial labor to the pupils.

There are 88 pupils at present employed in the bindery, 58 boys and 30 girls, divided into three divisions, so arranged that while one-third are at work the other two-thirds are attending school. On Saturday afternoons, school duties being suspended, from ten to thirty pupils, it depending upon the amount of work on hand, regularly find employment by which they can earn from \$5 to \$20 during the school term—sufficient to keep them well supplied with spending money. The amount paid to boys on these afternoons ranges from 15 to 50 cents each, the latter sum being paid to the larger and more experienced hands. The girls are paid by the piece, and are mostly employed in the sewing and stitching room. They receive 33¢ cents per one thousand forms, in folding, and by fast and steady work some can earn from 75 cents to one dollar in an afternoon. A list of those thus employed is made out by the superintendent of the bindery, and at the end of every month the amount of money each has earned is given to the superintendent of the institution, who distributes it to those entitled to it. The footings sometimes reach over \$50 a month.

At present ten mutes, graduates of the institution, find steady employment in the bindery, whose total wages for the month of September reached \$377.95. Of the six females employed the highest earned \$35.80 during the month, while of the males the largest sum paid was \$60, the others receiving \$1.50 a day, or \$39 per month—26 days to the month. The superintendent of the bindery informed the writer that as high as twenty-two mutes during the last vacation found employment at the bindery, a number of them being pupils who either are compelled or prefer to support themselves while attending school.

In the shoe shop Mr. P. P. Pratt, the foreman, has 23 boys under instruction. Not much aside from the ordinary work for the institution is being done here.

In the printing department 50 boys are enrolled as desiring to become printers some day. The number is too large for the small amount of work there is to be done. Last year, in addition to the Chronicle, a paper, a little smaller than the Mutes' Journal of Nebraska, in the interest of the blind institution, was published. Whether it will be continued the present year I have no means of knowing just now, as the institution was only opened for the term on the 1st inst. The more work the office has for the boys the better it will be for their interest. Perhaps at some future date the legislature will see the wisdom of having part of the State printing done at the institution which at present is given out under the contract system. The office badly needs a new press, the one now in use being an old-fashioned one which gets out of gear too often to be of much service. The two supervisors of State printing preceding the one now in office, each in their annual report to the legislature, urged the necessity of purchasing a steam press for the office, but their appeals fell without effect upon the Solons.

NOTES, PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

A pupil by the name of Davis was sent home recently. His mania for running away from the institution at every opportunity became too alarming and troublesome to be endured, to say nothing of the bad effect it might have upon others.

The genial and social Charlie Thorpe, of Cincinnati, recently surprised his friends here by alighting in their midst, unheralded, and remaining with them several days. He was granted a ten days' leave of absence from his duties as a clerk in the United States railway mail service at Cincinnati. Mr. Thorpe formerly attended the National Deaf-Mute College, and after leaving there readily secured a position under Uncle Sammy, which he has since held. He left Columbus for Indianapolis and Chicago, intending to visit friends in the North-West before resuming again the duties of his position.

The institution received a visit last week from one of its former official assistant matrons, Mrs. McCormick, nee Miles, she having been called to this city by the death of a brother, well known and esteemed in Columbus.

Mr. Collins Sawhill returned yesterday to Washington to resume his

studies in the college, and will be a right welcomed boy among his fellow students when he arrives. Mr. John S. Leib will follow him in the course of a week or two, that base-ball tour of the Independents having strained too heavily upon his silvery eagles.

One hundred and fifty new books have recently been added to the institution library, which now contains 2,130 volumes.

A pupil, while wandering about the depot last Saturday afternoon, found a twenty dollar greenback, and, as thus far no owner has come to claim it, he will very likely have a chance to claim it as his own.

Death visited the institution yesterday, shortly after 12 o'clock, and carried off Frank P. Mealy, a very bright and intelligent pupil. His remains were this morning taken to his former home in Akron, O., which he had but so recently left, eager to resume his studies at the institution. His disease was typhoid fever, and it terminated fatally after twelve days' sickness. COLUMBUS.

"SIDUS" PRESENTS A MANY-SIDED ARGUMENT.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—My reason for delaying to send you some news was that I could not have time to spare for writing. I am very glad to send you news for a brief space in your columns.

I have read every article written by your correspondents on "turn-up noses," and among them I was interested in reading "Wisconsin Girl Graduates" article. That is, in every respect, very decisive, and gives light in the matter as to what is thought.

I wish to write a few words, for their benefit, relating to the method of their affairs. In short, I am of the opinion that most of the deaf and dumb girls' hearts may deceive the college students, and there is scarcely any of them that can love for any success. If they wish to undeceive the latter they may do it in a variety of ways, in whatever they can repay by their love, and there is a certain species of familiarity in their behavior which may, no doubt, satisfy the students, or, if they are resolved against such method, at least do not shun opportunities of letting them explain. If they do this they act both barbarously and unjustly. If the student brings one of them to an explanation, I wish to say a word to her that she will give him a polite, but resolute and decisive answer.

I agree with the opinion of "Student," whose article appeared in your paper some time ago: "Better to marry the speaking ladies than deaf-mute ladies." I prefer a speaking lady because she may attain a superior degree of happiness in a married state and interpret my signs to those who can hear and speak if I should teach her signs and spelling till she understands the sign-language. The trouble seems to be among children, who don't understand quickly what their silent parents want.

In the issue of your paper of August 28th the article from "Wisconsin Girl Graduates" appeared saying that "the tone of their (students) letters was full of 'borrowed flowery language.'" Is that English language hers in fact, and how does she know how to find that tone? As well as in that same case, some of other deaf and dumb girls convey their ideas of delicacy and decorum.

Invitation was sent to some deaf-mutes living in York, and they were present at the water-melon party given by Mr. Charles Lehr, enjoying it pretty well.

Miss Annie Bentz, the leading mute belle, of York, Pa., is now on a flying visit to her friends in Baltimore, where she intends to spend a few months, and she had, I was informed, enjoyed her visit at the Baltimore picnic very much.

G. E. Kohler was the guest of Thomas Stodd, of Pottsville, Pa., for a few days last August. His visit was not long, though very pleasant.

Mr. Jonas H. Robert, of Hanover, Pa., is running a shoe shop, and he is having much patronage.

I am in favor of a national convention, and the best location for holding it is Washington, D. C., but you may suit your convenience, and hold it in Syracuse.

YORK, Pa., Sept. 25, 1879.

NEW YORK BIDDING FOR HER BOYS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I have been much interested in the letters of "Deaf and Dumb Girl," "Minnehaha" and others who have been discussing that sweet and delicate blessing—love, through the columns of your paper, and the way they haul those conceited noddles, the "turned-up-nose" college students over the coals is a warning to young bachelors, and shows what poor "sticks" those Washington school-boys really are. I would advise the young ladies and ancient maidens to give them hereafter the cold shoulder, and look for better game among the mute gentlemen of this city. It is true that but few of them can boast of a college education, yet they have much experience, which is more valuable than trash learned from books, and are refined and intelligent gentlemen.

If "Deaf and Dumb Girl" or "Minnehaha" really wish to catch a good husband they had better not look for them at the National Deaf-Mute College, but come to Gotham, where among such accomplished gentlemen as Mr. Heyman, G. L. Reynolds, Jack Wilkinson, Theo. A. Froehlich, and the "little barber," Dolph Eklard, all of whom are in the arena, they have a capital chance of getting good life-partners. ALEXIS.

New York, Sept. 25, 1879.

PATRONIZE THE JOURNAL.

